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Flexible Fares

During the dizzy period of governmental control of the railroads the flexible rate principle, which first began to color our laws when the Hepburn act was passed, was discovered to have something the matter with it.

Superficially it seemed indisputable that justice was done when a rate sufficed to meet operating expenses plus a reasonable return on the property devoted to public use, and that when a deficiency in income developed it was easy to balance it by a rate increase. But in practice it has been found that expenditures, and hence rates, have a way of spiraling upward in vicious circles.

The trouble has been that incentive to efficiency, using the word in a broad and inclusive sense, was removed. It is now realized that rates cannot be indefinitely pushed up—that a level may be reached which is more than the traffic will bear. The railroads now front this iron fact, and their present effort is not so much to raise rates as to re-secure control over expenditures.

It is a weakness of the traction bill introduced at Albany that it seems too much based on the flexible fare or cost-of-service idea.

This is implied rather than said, but, though allowing that the point is not altogether clear, it is possible to gather that the authors of the measure assume no great difficulty will be encountered in keeping income and outgo at corresponding levels. Serious consideration needs to be given to the question of what means are to be adopted to control expenditure before the principle of fare boosting to absorb deficits is flatly accepted.

The Governor indicates that he has some perception of the importance of this phase of the traction problem by suggesting a sliding scale, under which the profit of the operating company would increase with lowered fares and decrease with raised fares. Perhaps something can be achieved along this line. This device has worked well in some cases when applied to gas companies; but attempts to apply it in the traction field so far have failed. The business appears too complex.

Probably the most effective solution is to combine the flexible system with a fixed maximum, or, if not this, to provide that, in addition to control over fares, the supervising commission shall have control over expenditures. To put on a commission the business of meeting operating expenses, no matter how high they are or how bunglingly a traction system is administered, is dangerous.

Santo Domingo and Hayti

In connection with Admiral Knapp's report on Haytian conditions the voices of our friends the Dominicans are heard in a plea for differentiation — for discrimination between them and the Haytians.

The Dominicans have the bad luck to reside on the same island with the Haytians. Yet the two peoples speak different languages and little resemble each other in spirit and history. The Haytians for more than a century have been possessed of a seemingly uncontrollable desire to post-haste back to barbarism. First they slaughtered the whites and then the halfbloods. They have reduced to a waste a region which the French had made the richest area of the West Indies. On broad grounds it was necessary to do something to save them from themselves, and a treaty, ratified by both parties, prescribes our responsibilities. Our occupation, whatever excesses and mistakes have marred it, is one of which the nation need not be ashamed, and is gradually bringing back some measure of civilization.

But the Spanish-speaking Dominicans are of different quality. White blood and leadership have been conserved. Santo Domingo has had troubles, but on the whole she has made satisfactory progress. Yet when we went into Hayti with good reason, about the same time we jumped into Santo Domingo with no reason at all. No treaty has been made. We have refused to allow the Dominican Congress to meet—have set up a régime of naked force. But such is the indifference of Americans that comparatively few of them realize that the Haytian problem is one thing and the Dominican problem quite another.

Our Latin-American neighbors, better informed than our people, discriminate between the two countries. Secretary Colby in his recent journey to South America found this out. He was greeted by the press of Argentina and Uruguay with most pointed queries as to what possible justification existed for the policy President Wilson has pursued with respect to Santo Domingo. He could make no answer, and talk of Hayti did not quiet his questioners.

President-elect Harding has indicated that he does not confuse the two parts of the island of Hispaniola. He is under pledge to order a withdrawal from Santo Domingo. When the withdrawal occurs it is to be hoped due apology will be made and that thereby good relations with all the countries to the south be promoted.

Preventing Home Building

For the better part of eighteen months the housing problem has been before the public. Two sessions of the Legislature have wrestled with it.

During the entire period it has been recognized that the only solution—the only way to keep rents down and to relieve congestion—was to erect more houses. So far—except so far as the Lockwood committee's labors have tended to reduce prices of housing materials—nothing has been done. The emergency legislation, while serving temporarily to protect tenants in possession from extortion, on the whole has discouraged tenement building. Few were willing to invest if rents were to be limited by law.

The single bit of constructive legislation in the housing acts was the provision giving the city the right to exempt for ten years new houses from local taxation. Though the power has existed for six months it has not been made use of. Not until yesterday did the Board of Aldermen pass an exempting ordinance, narrowly limited in its terms. And this ordinance, it is predicted, the Board of Estimate, which possesses a veto, will throw out.

Why this determination to prevent the erection of new houses? Is it because there are interests which are so desirous of preserving the basis of high rents that they will not allow competition? Suspicion is fostered by the shallowness of the arguments against the ordinance. It is said that the city will lose taxes. But how is the city to get taxes out of buildings not erected? Put the ordinance through and tax collections will increase, not diminish, for the land on which the edifices stand will endure a higher assessment.

Every building and loan association wishes the ordinance. It will encourage home-owning, and at the end of ten years a handsome addition will be made to the assessment roll. Yet it is announced that the Board of Estimate, which pretends to want to relieve the housing crisis, is to throttle the ordinance.

How to Avoid Typhus

The typhus of Europe which is leaking into New York through immigration should not unduly alarm the country. America, generally speaking, is the land of the bathtub, and bathtubs and typhus are enemies. Typhus is caused by a louse and none else. One must be bitten by this insect to contract the disease. The average New Yorker can put his mind at rest if he is a consistent user of the bathtub and observes the usual precautions of ablution. For the others delousing is indispensable.

Typhus has existed in New York for many years endemically. The insect which spreads the disease epidemically must have long been in contact with typhus sufferers to carry a virile germ. Cleanliness the remedy. In eastern and central Europe, where cleanliness does not prevail, typhus thrives. But it can never thrive in New York if New York remains normally clean.

Immigrants should be introduced to New York and a delousing station simultaneously, and tutored thereafter in the great American habit of bathing.

Itemizing the Cost of Utopia

It can, of course, be contended that the American people had but one function in the peace conference, and that was to sign a blank check. That notion has, indeed, found important support. But the further the events of 1919 retreat into their proper perspective the less general enthusiasm for this blind attitude of adoration exists. The late election showed a general desire to scrutinize with the greatest care the achievements of our peace delegation, and Congress is only obeying a general and highly proper demand when it tackles the financial expenditures of that interesting period and asks "What for?" and "Why?"

As a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson should be the first to recognize the propriety of these queries and should welcome the opportunity to produce an itemized analysis of the vaguely described expenditures as called for by Representative Gould's resolution. "The President's confidential expenses in Paris" is an entry utterly unbefitting diplomacy on behalf of a republic in this day and generation. One does not need to cite the President's "open covenants openly arrived at" to fix the inappropriateness of this $17,000 charge. The $125,000 "damage to property at Hotel Crillon" is less important, but equally mysterious.

It is too late to go back and repair the blunder of the President's ill-fated trip to Paris, a blunder which even his best friends are coming to admit. It is not too late for a full and complete accounting of the results of that trip. Touching the treaty and covenants, the evidence is in and a verdict has already been reached. The financial aspects of the venture, as yet unrevealed, have a peculiar interest for the taxpayer and a moral and lesson for future American executives. There cannot be too much light on the whole scene.

The Puritan Jaw

The sons and daughters of New England do well to send Professor Howe, of Wellesley, about his business when he talks of the "laziness" of the New England jaw. As well call the pyramids lazy because they stand and stand and stand, let the centuries rave as they will. That jaw has passed through many trials and tribulations without a quiver, and whatever faults it has laziness is not one of them.

A repressed, reserved speech seems the truer characterization of New England utterance. The typical New Englander is chary of emotional display alike in the expression of his countenance and in the tones of his voice. The result is a quiet and gentle drawl in respect to many vowel sounds—the "twang" of fiction and the jokesmiths is exceptional, not the rule—and a certain inarticulateness of lip action that leaves the voice too far back in the throat for clear, vivid speech.

The question of New England speech raises the whole question of Puritanism. Does the New Englander live too much within himself? Is his self-control carried so far as to stunt enthusiasm and natural emotions? The answer is not to be lightly laid down by any casual critic. A repression and a sternness of life that can flower forth in the beautiful speeches of a Calvin Coolidge have not altogether ruined spontaneity and color and the play of emotion upon life. In the end the problem of Puritanism probably resolves itself into the old and unsatisfactory question, a golden mean. There can be too much repression, as the psycho-analysts are daily proving. There can be no success or beauty or anything without some self-control and will and repression.

The Puritan jaw is a bad thing, in short, if it is so set as to make a man a narrow, crabbed skinflint. If it serves only to make a strong and well poised character, let us all cultivate it. Any repression of speech will be more than counterbalanced by the worth of what we have to say.

Why?

The mystery surrounding the administration of justice by the District Attorney's office is not lessened by what has been brought out in the Cushing case.

A sixteen-year-old boy was killed two and one-half years ago in broad daylight on the roof of a tenement house. Concerning the homicide there were conflicting statements. But going back over the ground, although the trail was cold, Mr. Whitman presented evidence deemed sufficient by the grand jury to indict two policemen.

It develops that soon after the killing the case was brought before a grand jury and that one of the assistants of Mr. Swann was in possession of practically all the evidence on which the Whitman grand jury acted. Yet the case was not pressed and the jury did not indict.

Why was there an indictment in 1921 and none in 1918? What influence, if any, intervened to bring the early proceedings to a close? And why, at a critical juncture, was there failure to press for an indictment in the Elwell case?

How Germany Loves France

Colonel House, discussing in The Philadelphia Public Ledger the terms imposed upon Germany, laments the failure of France to make a friend of Germany. "During the war and immediately afterward," he remarks, "the Germans had kindlier feelings for France than for any of their enemies." If this be so they dissembled their love most successfully. The affection, like gratitude, must have been born of an expectation of favors yet to come—of a hope of using France against Great Britain.

Colonel House mentions the policy of England toward South Africa after the Boer War as an illustration of the sort of response France might have made to the German offer of heart and hand. The parallel hardly runs on all fours. The antagonists in that conflict were on a different footing. British opinion, deeply regretting the war, always conceded that as to many things the Boers were right, and, while condemning their narrow separateness, sympathized with their aspirations. The welfare of the Boers was honestly desired, and the Boers knew this.

In a contrary spirit Germany wantonly moved on France, deliberately devastating her with the purpose, in the words of the German War Book, of destroying her total intellectual and material resources. If she had won she would have reduced France to the status of a second-rate power; that this was her object was plain from the first. France is thus not to be blamed for not believing in a German repentance which is never even expressed.

"Hate and revenge," Colonel House goes on, "are expensive luxuries in which nations as well as individuals too often indulge." Of course. But a sheep that has felt and barely escaped the fangs of a wolf may be excused distrust when the wolf comes wooing.

Mr. Weeks's Opportunity

Let Him Decline the War Portfolio in Favor of General Wood

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is stated unofficially that President-elect Harding has appointed ex-Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, as Secretary of War. If so, that great majority of Republican voters who desired General Wood for President and voted for Harding with a keen mingled sense of disappointment and loyalty are going to be still more intensely disappointed. General Wood is the one most available and best-fitted man in this country for the position of Secretary of War.

Mr. Weeks has now a golden opportunity to make himself a popular idol and win a name ranking with that of Admiral Sims, who refused the Navy Medal because equally deserving men were ignored by Daniels. Mr. Weeks can decline Harding's appointment as Secretary of War and withdraw in favor of General Leonard Wood. He would at the same time rebuke President-elect Harding and be everywhere acclaimed as a loyal Republican rising above party politics, and also make doubly public the necessity for redemption by Harding of his promise to make a strong and able Cabinet, which inferentially would include General Wood as Secretary of War.

All this is stated with no disparagement of ex-Senator Weeks, of whom Massachusetts is proud and whose Senate record is brilliant and deserving of all praise, but Weeks is not Wood, nor is his military knowledge or experience knee-high in comparison. That is what people are saying wherever one talks with either Republicans or Democrats.

If General Wood is ignored by the incoming Administration in the same outrageous manner that he has been ignored by the outgoing Administration, I prophesy that General Wood will follow President Harding as President in four years' time, backed by a solid public demand that will steam-roller any second political cabal against him. GEORGE W. HILLS.

New York, Feb. 14, 1921.

Hanging Naval Officers

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. Daniels says that the best thing to do with naval officers who "seek the limelight" is to give them rope with which to hang themselves.

This statement invites intelligent comment.

Naval officers as a class do not seek the limelight, but when their duty forces them into prominence they usually do honor to the navy.

The only naval officers who appear to have committed professional suicide by hanging were those who vainly attempted to screen Mr. Daniels for his neglect to prepare our navy for war between 1914 and 1917, and who have otherwise condoned his awful policies!

But it would appear that the fragments of cordage which these devoted Danielsites most thoughtfully left for the use of their chief are now being so rapidly expended by him in his daily chatter that there is doubt whether the supply will suffice for his personal use during the remaining few days of his reign. It is suggested, therefore, as a measure of "preparedness," that the Office of Operations put in a requisition for another coil. OLD NAVY.

New York, Feb. 14, 1921.

In Strict Confidence

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A few days ago I was in the Grove Street Station in the Hudson Tubes. I observed that about half of the men passengers were smoking. Having always understood that smoking in the subways in New York was forbidden by law, I inquired of the platform attendant whether smoking was now permitted. Laying his hand gently upon my shoulder, he whispered confidentially an apologetic "No," his manner plainly implying "But for the love of Mike don't tell anybody!" If the prohibition of smoking in the subway is based on sound reasons the regulation should be enforced, otherwise repealed. Has public opinion in New York, in sanctioning defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment, committed itself to the policy of carrying individualism to its logical conclusion?

K. D. BATTLE.

Rocky Mount, N. C., Feb. 12, 1921.

A Soldier to Cheer Up

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: There is a young fellow in this company who has never received a letter since he has been in the service. He is very unhappy and needs some one to cheer him up.

It would be greatly appreciated if you would put a small note in your paper for some one to write to him. His name is Private Alexander Staats, 14th Company, C. A. C., Fort Mills, P. I.

PRIVATE LORENZO P. JAY,
14th Company, C. A. C.

Fort Mills, P. I., Jan. 9, 1921.

Disarmament?

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The navy is selling scrap metal. That sounds like slang for shells. Can this be a screened disarmament step?

GEORGE SEBREE.

New York, Feb. 14, 1921.

The Conning Tower

WITH COLORS FLYING

They got the best of it, did Uncle George
And Uncle Abner. I lay half-dead with typhoid
In Ardmore, Oklahoma. The tent show had gone broke.
"Not a red cent," wrote Uncle Abner, "to pay your way
Back to a life of sin; but if you want
The place you ran away from,
If you'll keep house decently and do your duty,
There's fifty thousand between us
We'll leave you when we die."
They were old men, my uncles,
When, at eighteen, I left them for the city,
Hoping soon to be a Bernhardt.
How could their money, squeezed from farm foreclosures,
Serve better than in putting me across?
So I returned—to relatives
Who nodded meanly each to each and said:
"We told you so! We said she'd crawl home beaten!
Maybe now
She'll talk and act like decent folks—at least
Wear modest clothes." To show them all
I still despised their dreary ways and didn't give
A finger snap for what they thought,
I went, the night of my arrival, to a social
At Poplar Grove Schoolhouse,
Wearing the frock of scarlet chiffon velvet
That made a hit in "Madame X." After refreshments
I smoked a cigarette,
Blowing aloft frail smoke rings, symbols
Of my undefeated spirit.
When Uncle George was eighty-eight
And I, after six years of death-in-life,
Was nearing forty,
He milked twelve cows daily and punctually ate
A half mince pie for breakfast; and I heard Abner say
The morning he was ninety:
"George, you make tracks to the sugar woods an' learn
That lazy hired boy to earn his victuals.
I'll hitch up Moll,
Haul a load of cider to the village, see about
The tenants on the Widow Randall farm."
One day the doctor said:
"They come of long-lived Vermont stock,
Gaunt old trees and tough,
Frost nipped, bark off here and there, but good
For all of ten years more."
Ten years! Ten thousand years
It might as well be—worrying
That George's mittens must be darned, beans put to soak
Or Abner's dirt-stiff overalls washed out—
And all the while
Hearing the kitchen clock above the sink
Ticking away my life,
Watching the winter winds, like hungry wolves,
Baying the stark, snow-carven hills.
As I poured poison in the flask
Of rheumatism cure they both set store by
I figured I'd be strolling down Fifth Avenue
By Wednesday week. It's easy now
To see wherein I blundered.
Had I hit the trail at the revivals
Making repentance, lachrymose and nasal,
Painting as purple scandal my sad struggle
To free great powers within me,
Had I wailed loudly in the mourners' bench,
Wearing a stodgy hat from Mrs. Puckett's Parlors,
I could have managed murder perfectly.
This knowledge came too late; so I go down
With music playing.
That cigarette of many years ago,
Its lilac smoke rings
The flying banners of my self-respect,
Brought me to the county jail. The people said:
"A woman who would smoke a cigarette
Would kill her two old uncles in cold blood."

ALICE MARY KIMBALL.

When we met Mr. Will H. Hays we told him we had no axes to be sharpened; that he didn't have a thing we wanted. But we withdraw that intrepid assertion. If Mr. Hays accepts the Postoffice job, we want him to issue a proclamation to the effect that letters addressed to this department Personal or Immediate stand a worse chance of publication than others.

The esteemed Drama League, dissembling its love for Mr. Charles Gilpin, the negro star of "The Emperor Jones," has kicked him downstairs by not inviting him to its banquet. Why not, inasmuch as he once played the slave in "Abraham Lincoln," send him an engraved copy of the Emancipation Proclamation?

It isn't much of a prize, $100, that the Macmillan Company is offering for the best rhymed review of The Outline of History, but, as the equation professor used to say, $100 is $100, so here goes:

A million times a million years
This planet has run;
Its motive power is grief and tears,
But Wells has lots of fun.

It was our ignorance of architecture that caused us to print Denville's line about the Greek ruin and the fallen arches. It seems, as twenty-seven correspondents have told us, that the Greek ruins had no arches; and Denville should have said "a Roman ruin."

They are going to play A. A. Milne's "Mr. Pim Passes By" at the Garrick in two weeks. Mr. Milne, as old readers of this department will recall, is the author of the verses "From a Full Heart," reprinted three or four times in this column and for which requests still come in weekly.

Our luck is improving. Ordinarily this is the year we would have bought stock in an outdoor ice skating rink.

F. P. A.

COMING OUT FROM UNDER THE BED

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California's Japanese Problem

Wallace Irwin's Pessimistic Impressions on Revisiting the State After Twenty Years in the East

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In a recent issue of The Tribune I noticed an account of a speech by Mr. Earl S. Parker, made to church and missionary society members gathered at a luncheon in the Lawyers' Club. "Pray God for an Andrew Jackson to deal with California as she deserves," was his gentle wish for his native state; and by that same token he revealed himself as secretary of that Little Group of Serious Thinkers who have chosen to be called "The American League for Justice." In the spirit of our national outdoor sport I have always had a more than sneaking fondness for the American League, but if Mr. Parker's Little Group must serve it with trimmings why not call it "The American League for Japanese" and tell us what it is all about?

The American League for Justice is, by all indications, an association formed in the West for the purpose of carrying a pro-Japanese sentiment into the East, where little or nothing is known about California's quarrel with the Mikado's government. In Mr. Parker's expressed sentiments I hear the same scolding of California—naughty, headstrong child!—and the same criticism of Senator Phelan—wicked, selfish politician!—that have characterized all the attacks upon California's decision to hold her shores against the yellow tide.

A little over a year ago I went to California to gather information on the Japanese question. What I found I subsequently incorporated in my novel Seed of the Sun. I am not a Californian either by birth or prejudice, although I was educated at Stanford University and spent a few years as a newspaper man in San Francisco. I have been away from the Pacific Coast nearly twenty years. Before my recent Western trip I was inclined, I confess, to appraise the anti-Asiatic attitude in the light of yellow journalism, which can never truthfully represent any cause, however just. Some political ranting had sickened me to the point where I had formed a picture of a provincial population, ignorant and hot-headed, raising the old sand lot cry of "Kill the dirty Chinks!"

I went to California thinking that sentiment was being directed by politicians. I remained to find that politicians were being directed by sentiment.

It took but a few months of observation along the Sacramento delta and in the Santa Clara Valley and the San Joaquin and the fertile basins of Imperial to satisfy me that the state was not seeing ghosts. She is facing an interesting and alarming problem. I hold no brief for the slack and easy-going farmer of pioneer stock, who refused to "speed up" and sold his birthright to the thrifty little invader who could grow two sugar beets to the white man's one—or none. The Californian awoke to find himself in the same sorry case as the old Spanish hacendado who, in the splendid idle '40s, mortgaged his estate to the shrewder Yankee and went into bankruptcy with shrugging shoulders.

Yes, Japan caught California asleep or nodding. When the tide of Chinese coolies turned back toward the Orient there was an embarrassment for low-grade labor. The importation of Japanese seemed a cheap and easy solution, and the valleys were soon swarming with a new breed of yellow men, smaller and more earnest than the Chinese. They were naïve. Many of them had never seen a bicycle before, or a hay-rake, or a patent harrow. Their ability to learn and to apply their learning was enormous. I shall never forget what an old Yankee farmer said to me last year as we strolled through his almond grove and watched a gang of Japanese across the river, cultivating their potato field—leased property — with gasoline tractors. "Good Lord, look at 'em! And to think that twenty years ago I had to teach 'em how to harness a horse!"

Japan came to California as a laborer; she remained as a master. What you believe as to the Japanese population of California to-day will depend on whether you side with the American League for Justice or the Asiatic Exclusion League. The official census reports quote the figures at something over 70,000. I am inclined to believe that there are many more; if not double that number, at least a third more. The smuggling in of Japanese is an industry at both the British Columbian and Mexican borders. "Green" Japanese, just arrived at California farms, will answer you in Spanish if you address them in that language—a souvenir of Mexico. There is also reason to doubt the veracity of the official census figures, as there is a suspicion that the Japanese themselves had a finger in the pie at the last head-counting in California.

Let us be conservative, then, and place the Japanese population of California at 100,000. The vast majority of these are engaged in agriculture. California has a population of about 3,500,000. Less than a million of these are farmers. California's land which is suitable to cultivation is much less than generally supposed—about a sixth of the state. About a fifth of this is controlled by Orientals, either through lease or ownership. The number of Chinese and Coreans is comparatively insignificant.

The Japanese, then, control about a fifth of California, agriculturally speaking, and in that fifth they hold the very cream of the soil. Without taking into account Nippon's half-confessed desire for equality in the United States and unlimited immigration, California as she stands to-day has cause for worry.

I have no idea how the American League for Justice came into being. Probably it "just grew," generated by the friction of great minds, thinking righteously. But I am well aware that a Japanese drive on public opinion—especially Eastern opinion—is now on. The missionary spirit of Methodist and Baptist clergymen is adroitly taken advantage of by the delicate button-pressers of Tokio.

And this has its pathetic side, too, since the California Japanese—backed by some divine aid or other—are building Buddhist temples all over the state in every hamlet where Japanese Christian churches have become sufficiently strong to endanger the true faith, which is adoration of the Mikado. The relations of the hungry Japanese pastor and the merry Buddhist congregation of "Big, California," which I mentioned in my book, were not put there for merely literary effect. The situation is typical.

I have heard Japanese Christian clergymen complain bitterly of the Buddhist drive against their churches. One little brown missionary in Sacramento, an earnest, starved little man with a high-domed forehead, said to me, as nearly as I can translate it: "I have no hope for Christianity here among my people. If I wish to spread the good Gospel I must return to Japan, where my work will not be made foolish by intrigue."

I do not wish any cruelty to be practiced on the Japanese in California, and I don't think there will be. But if we wish to consider California nationally we should get over the idea that she is a bully or a whiner or an egocentric provincial.

WALLACE IRWIN.

New York, Feb. 15, 1921.

Watch Mr. Coolidge

A Western Recognition of His Emersonian Fiber

(From The Minneapolis Tribune)

Those who read Mr. Coolidge's speech on Roosevelt must have been struck by the thought that a new note has been struck in American political literature.

"Great men," said Mr. Coolidge, "are the ambassadors of Providence sent to reveal to their fellow men their unknown selves. There is something about them better than anything they do or say. If measured at all, they are to be measured in the responsive action of what others do or say. They come and go, in part a mystery, in part the simplest of all experience, the compelling influence of truth. They leave no successor. The heritage of greatness descends to the people."

Were that paragraph divorced from its authorship and read aloud before a group of intelligent readers, with a query appended as to its writer, the probabilities are that the answer would be "Emerson." Like many of the Coolidge paragraphs, it has a decidedly Emersonian ring. The epigrammatic turn, the pregnancy, the terseness, as well as the abstractness, all remind one very strongly of Emerson. . . .

It is fair to assume that he will invest the office of the Vice-Presidency with more meaning, more significance and more weight than it has hitherto known. If we eliminate Woodrow Wilson—or, let us say, the Woodrow Wilson of 1917-'18, the period during which he penned his greatest state papers—there is no man in political life to-day who can touch the austere little man from Massachusetts in the matter of literary style. It is difficult to escape the feeling that somehow there is a mighty destiny ahead of our Vice-President - elect. On reflection, he grows constantly. The rigorous simplicity of his life, the robust Americanism of his philosophy, the courageous quality of his action, the distinction of his writing, the intensity of his powers of thought—all appeal strongly to the imagination. He seems the contemporary incarnation of all the best qualities which, for generations, have kept New England a dominant force in American life. In him one feels something of the rarity that one feels in such American immortals as Emerson and Lincoln.

Calvin Coolidge is unmistakably a man to be watched for evidences of greatness.